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"AT THE PUBLIC GOOD WE AIM."

M. M. LEVY, EDITOR.

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THE EX-QUEEN OF HOLLAND.—The duchess of Saint Lue, ex-queen of Holland, wife of Louis Bonaparte, and daughter of the empress Josephine has departed this life, at her chateau of Arenenberg, in Switzerland, at the age of fifty-four years.

From her life the lesson may be taught that grandeur cannot afford happiness. Hortense Eugénie Beauharnais witnessed the death of her father upon the scaffold, a man as distinguished for his talents as his birth—she witnessed her mother's elevation to the throne; but she witnessed, likewise, her descent from it to give place to a stranger. Her husband was king of Holland—her brother, viceroy of Italy. Events separated her from the one—she saw the other die an exile in a little court of Germany. Three sons had been bestowed upon her; the eldest, for whom Napoleon destined the empire, died young, and his death was, perhaps, the cause of the divorce of Josephine, and the fatal marriage of Marie Louise: the second died, sword in hand, in Italy, in 1831, in attempting to secure its independence; the mad attempt of the third, at Stratsburg, is recent and well known. He indeed closed his mother's eyes, but she died conscious that he was a proscribed exile, without an asylum in Europe.

The tongue of scandal has not spared her; but yet, none can say that she ever forgot her honor and dignity as wife or queen. Although she mixed much in political matters, she cannot be reproached with a single trait of party hate or party vengeance. Patriotism was her real and ruling motive. In her misfortunes she sought for consolation in literature and the arts, and conformed herself cheerfully to her altered fortunes. She has composed several pieces of poetry and airs, which will survive her memory. Unhappy daughter—unhappy wife—still more unhappy mother—Hortense de Beauharnais never found repose but in death, which she met without a regret, but that of leaving her only child exposed to embarrassment, and probably, rigorous fate.

The French Government, at the time of the Stratsburg conspiracy, wished to play a generous part in taking prince Louis Napoleon from his natural judges, but was far from displaying the same supposed humanity towards the mother.—On hearing of the audacious attempt of her son, she immediately set off by post, and arrived in the strictest incognito at Viry, near Paris, in order to intercede with the government for her son. But no sooner was it known that she was in France, than she received orders to take her departure immediately. In vain did the person who accompanied her represent to M. Delessen and M. Mole, an ancient servant of Napoleon, that grief, uneasiness, and the fatigues of a journey too rapidly made, had brought on a state of suffering which absolutely required some day's repose, and the immediate aid of the most experienced physicians. The ministers were inflexible; the unfortunate lady received fresh orders to depart immediately, and traverse the country as quick as possible. Scarcely had she returned to Arenenberg, when the terrible malady which carried her off, from which she had never before, these harassing events, declared itself with a violence which resisted all the succor of the medical art.

As a commentary upon this conduct of the French Government towards the ex-queen of Holland, one little anecdote will suffice.

When, in 1815, Napoleon returned from the Isle of Elba, the dowager duchess of Orleans mother of Louis Philippe, had a short time before, broken her leg, and was still ill, from the effects of this accident. Queen Hortense, informed of her state of suffering, let her know that she would take her under her protection, and waited upon the emperor upon his arrival, from whom she obtained permission for the duchess to remain at Paris as long as she liked; and an order to have her treated with all the honors due to her rank. The duchess of Orleans remained in Paris during the whole period of the hundred days.

On her death-bed, the duchess of St. Lue expressed a wish to be conveyed to Ruel, and be placed there by the side of her mother, the empress Josephine. It will appear strange indeed if the present French Government refuses so little as a

grave in her own country to her, who joined so earnestly her solicitations to those of her mother, to obtain from the first consul a pension of 200,000 francs for the dowager duchess of Orleans and her daughter, now Madame Adelaide, sister to the king of the French.

The death of queen Hortense was worthy of her life. Her long agony had neither wearied her resignation nor exhausted her endless benevolence. Up to her last moments her thoughts were only of those around her, who, on their side, united as they were in one common sympathy and common affliction, vied with each other in demonstrations of zeal and affection. Several of her old friends had come from afar to have the melancholy pleasure of seeing her once more before losing her forever. Her relations and servants surrounded her bed of death, upon which religion, which had supported her through life, was her consolation and hope. Her son received her last breath, and she left this world leaving behind her general regret among those who knew her; for she won the admiration and attachment of all around.

The funeral service, should no ulterior dispositions change the present intention, was to be celebrated at Ermatengen, a little village situated at the foot of Arenenberg; and, certainly, neither prayers or tears will be spared for her who was the benefactress and idol of the country.—And, to our minds, the simple and spontaneous homage rendered in a humble village church to her virtues, will not honor the daughter and sister of Napoleon less, than if her obsequies had been performed with all the pomps of Notre Dame, in Paris, and all the splendor of the empire.

DESPERATE COURAGE.

The following instance of enthusiastic valor and contempt of life is not exceeded by any thing which is recorded in history. It occurred in India, at the storming of the fortress of Bobilee, belonging to Rangaroo, one of the Polygar rajahs. The attack (says the historian,) commenced at day break, on the 24th, of January, with the field-pieces against the four towers; and the defenders, lest fire might catch the thatch of the rampart, had pulled it down. By 9 o'clock several of the battlements were broken, when all the leading parties of the four divisions advanced, at the same time with scaling ladders; but after much endeavor for an hour, not a man had been able to get over the parapet, and many had fallen wounded; other parties followed with a little success, until all were so fatigued, that a cessation was ordered, during which the field-pieces, having beaten down more of the parapet, gave the second attack more advantage; but the ardor of the defence increased with the danger. The garrison fought with the indignant ferocity of wild beasts, defending their dens and families; several of them stood, as in defence, on the top of the battlements, and endeavored to grapple with the first ascendants, hoping with them to twist the ladders down, and this failing, stabbed them with their lances, but being wholly exposed themselves, were easily shot by aim from the rear of the escalade.

The assailants admired, for no European had ever seen such excess of courage in the natives of Indostan, and continually offered quarter, which was always answered by the menace and intention of death; not a man had gained the ramparts at two o'clock in the afternoon, when another cessation of the attack ensued, on which Rangaroo assembled the principal men, told them there was no hope of maintaining the fort, and that it was immediately necessary to preserve their wives and children from the violation of the Europeans, and the more ignominious authority of Vizaramrauz, a number called without distinction were allotted to the work; they proceeded every man with a torch, his lance, and poinard, to the habitations in the middle of the fort, to which they set fire indiscriminately plying the flame with straw prepared with pitch and brimstone, and every man stabbed, without remorse, the woman or child, whichever attempted to escape the flame and suffocation. Not the helpless infant, clinging to the bosom of its mother, saved the life of either from the hand of the husband and father. The utmost excesses, whether of revenge or rage, were exceeded by the atrocious prejudices which dictated and performed this horrible sacrifice. The massacre being finished, those who accomplished it returned, like men agitated by the furies, to die themselves on the walls. Mr. Law, who commanded one of the divisions, observed, while looking at the conflagration; that the number of the defenders was considerably diminished, and he advanced again to the attack. After several ladders had failed, a few grenadiers got over the parapet and maintained their footing in the tower till more secured the possession. Rangaroo, hastening to the defence of the tower, was in this instant killed by a musket ball. His fall increased, if possible, the desperation of his friends; who crowding to revenge his death, left the other parts of the ramparts

bare; and the other divisions of the French troops, having advanced likewise to their respective attacks, numbers on all sides got over the parapet without opposition; nevertheless, none of the defenders quitted the rampart, or would accept quarter; but each fell advancing against or struggling with an antagonist; and even when fallen, and in the last agony, would resign his pinnar only to death. The slaughter of the conflict being completed, another much more dreadful presented itself in the area below: the transport of victory lost all its joy; all gazed on one another with silent astonishment and remorse, the fiercest could not refuse a tear for the deplorable destruction spread before them. Whilst contemplating on it, an old man, leading a boy, was perceived advancing from a distant recess; he was welcomed with much attention and respect, and conducted by the crowd to Mr. Law, to whom he presented the child, with these words: "This is the son of Rangaroo, whom I have preserved against his father's will." Another emotion now succeeded, and the preservation of this infant was felt by all as some alleviation to the horrible catastrophe, of which they had been the unfortunate authors. The tutor and the child were immediately sent to M. Busy, who, having heard of the condition of the fort, would not go into it, but remained in his tent, where he received the sacred captives with the humanity of a guardian appointed by the strongest claims of nature, and immediately commanded patents to be prepared, appointing the so lord of the territory which he had offered the father in exchange for the district of Bobilee; and ordered them to be strictly guarded in the camp from the malevolence of enemies.

The ensuing night and the two succeeding days passed in the usual attentions; especially the care of the wounded, who were many; but in the middle of the third night, the camp was alarmed by a tumult in the quarter of Vizaramrauz. Four of the soldiers of Rangaroo, on seeing him fall, concealed themselves in an unfrequented part of the fort until the night was far advanced, when they dropped down the walls, and speaking the same language, passed unsuspected through the quarters of Vizaramrauz, and gained the neighboring thickets, where they remained the two succeeding days, watching until the bustle of the camp had subsided; then two of them quitted their retreat, and having by their language again deceived those by whom they were questioned, got near the tent of Vizaramrauz; then creeping on the ground, they passed under the backpart, and entering the tent, found him lying on his bed, alone, and asleep. Vizaramrauz was extremely corpulent, inasmuch that he could scarcely rear himself from his seat without assistance: the two men restraining their very breath, struck in the same instant with their poinards at his heart; the first groan brought in a centinel who fired but missed; more immediately thronged in, but the murderers, heedless of themselves, cried out, pointing to the body, "look here! we are satisfied!" They were instantly shot by the crowd, and mangled after they had fallen; but they stabbed Vizaramrauz in thirty-two places. Had they failed, the other two remaining in the forest were bound by the same oath to perform the deed, or perish in the attempt.

YOUTH BETRAYED.—A few years ago, the green of a rich bleacher in the north of Ireland, had been frequently robbed at night, to a very considerable amount; notwithstanding the utmost vigilance of the proprietor and his servants to protect it, and without the slightest clue being furnished for the detection of the robber.

Effectually and repeatedly baffled by the ingenuity of the thief or thieves, the proprietor at length offered a reward of 100l for the apprehension of any person or persons detected robbing the green.

A few days after this proclamation, the master was at midnight raised from his bed by the alarm of a faithful servant, "there was somebody with a lantern crossing the green." The master started from his bed, flew to the window—it was so—he hurried on his clothes, armed himself with a pistol; the servant flew for his loaded musket, and they cautiously followed the light. The person with the lantern (a man) was, as they approached, on tip-toe, distinctly seen stooping and grouping on the ground; he was seen lifting and tumbling the linen. The servant fired; the robber fell. The man and master now proceeded to examine the spot. The robber was dead; he was recognised to be a youth about nineteen, who resided a few fields off. The linen was cut across; bundles of it were tied up; and upon searching and examining farther, the servant in the presence of the master, picked up a pen-knife, with the name of the unhappy youth engraved upon the handle. The evidence was conclusive, for in the morning the lantern was acknowledged by the afflicted and implicated father of the boy to be his lantern. Defence was dumb.

The faithful servant received the hundred pounds reward, and was besides promoted to be the confidential overseer of the establishment.

This faithful servant, the confidential overseer, was shortly after proved to have been himself the thief, and was hanged at Dundalk for the murder of the youth whom he had cruelly betrayed.

It appeared, upon the clearest evidence, and by the dying confession and description of the wretch himself, that all this circumstantial evidence was preconcerted by him, not only to screen himself from the imputation of former robberies, but to get the hundred pounds reward.

The dupe, the victim he chose for this diabolical purpose, was artless, affectionate, and obliging. The boy had a favorite knife, a pen-knife, with his name engraved upon its handle. The first of this fiend was to coax him to give him that knife as a keep sake. On the evening of the fatal day, the miscreant prepared the bleach-green, the theatre of this melancholy tragedy, for his performance. He tore the linen from the pegs in some places, he cut it across in others; he turned it up in heaps; he tied it up in bundles, as if ready to be removed, and placed the favorite knife, the keepsake, in one of the cuts he had himself made.

Matters being thus prepared, he invited the devoted youth to supper, and as the nights were dark, he told him to bring the lantern to light him home. At supper, or after, he artfully turned the conversation upon the favorite knife, which he affected with great concern to miss, and pretending that the last recollection he had of it, was using it on a particular spot of the bleach-green, describing that spot to the obliging boy, and begged him to see it it was there. He lit the lantern which he had been desired to bring with him to light him home, and with alacrity proceeded on his fatal errand.

As soon as the monster saw his victim completely in the snare, he gave the alarm, and the melancholy crime described was the result.

Could there have been possibly a stronger case of circumstantial evidence than this? The young man seemed actually caught in the fact. There was the knife with his name on it; the linen cut, tied up in bundles, and the lantern acknowledged by his father. The time, past midnight. The master himself present, a man of the fairest character; the servant of unblemished reputation.

STATE OF PROTESTANTISM IN FRANCE.

We find an article in the Transcript of week before last on this subject, accompanied by some quotations from a recently published work. The book we have not seen; but the subject strikes us peculiarly interesting, both in a retrospective and prospective point of view. To the rejection of the Reformation by the French people, we trace the character of almost all that has since befallen them; and we look forward to its future adoption as the only possibility of moral prosperity, which the destinies of the nation, whatever they may be, can realize. The actual state of the mind of France seems to favor the idea, that protestantism may yet prevail there, not, certainly universally and rationally, but to an extent which may have a general influence, even on her catholic inhabitants. All educated, and most uneducated Frenchmen, belonging nominally to the Roman church, are completely disengaged from every possible creed. Catholicism is found to be out of fashion; it may act as a pleasing opiate on the inert mass of society, but can give no moral control and direction to mental activity. Infidelity is acknowledged by all the respectable, even though they may be negatively unbelievers themselves, to be a principle exclusively of disorganization; and the constituted authorities of France raise a cry against it from one end of the land to the other. The professed infidels of that country, too, are no longer what they formerly were. They give no point blank denial to the truths of Christianity. If they believe nothing, they deny nothing. If they will not be bound by catholicism, with which Christianity is identified in their minds, they qually reject the dry doctrines of Voltaire, which provides no alimant for their affections. Fluctuating between the two, they have fallen into the fantastic and are, evidently seeking in their wild intellectual excursions, to discover some truth in which they may find repose and certainty. A want, in brief, is universally felt—a want not openly avowed, because a faith in revelation, which is scarce, can alone show how it is to be met and supplied—a want of religion. In the midst, however, of the general torment of unsettled thoughts, of the absence of all moral convictions, which this produces, the pure truths of the gospel, it is consolatory to know, are silently and imperceptibly spreading through the country. Here, then, is a speck of hope upon the horizon. We cannot forbear to think that it will grow broader and broader. It is certain, at least, that there has been of late years a great revival of religious zeal and devotion among the French protestants, and that many of the reformed churches

are now making a combined effort with some success, though struggling with many disadvantages; to propagate plain doctrines among their catholic brethren. We will not dwell upon the pleasing prospect, of which this circumstance affords us a glimpse; if we did, we might be thought to be indulging in speculations. We cannot help thinking, however, that the philosophers and statesmen of France, who are at present really and earnestly seeking to discover some medium point in morals between superstition and irreligion, which may afford an anchorage ground for the popular mind, will, at last, come to perceive that the protestant form of Christianity alone gives the great desideratum, and that they will, therefore, if only on account of its virtues in relation to politics, give it every encouragement.—*Sunday Morning News.*

From the "Sketches of Western Adventurers."

THE TWO JOHNSONS.—Early in the fall of '33, two boys by the name of Johnson, the one 12, and the other 9 years of age, were playing on the banks of Short creek, near the mouth of the Muskingum, and occasionally shipping stones into the water. At a distance they saw two men, dressed like ordinary settlers, in hats and coats, who gradually approached them, and from time to time, threw stones into the water, in imitation of the children.

At length, when within 100 yards of the boys, they suddenly threw off their masks, and rushing rapidly upon them, took them prisoners. They proved to be Indians of the Delaware tribe. Taking the children in their arms, they ran hastily into the woods; and after a rapid march of about six miles, they encamped for the night. Having kindled a fire, and laying their rifles and tomahawks against a tree, they lay down to rest, each with a boy in his arms. The children, as may be readily supposed, were too much agitated to sleep. The eldest at length began to move his limbs cautiously, and finding that the Indian who held him remained fast asleep, he gradually disengaged himself from his arms, and walked to the fire, which had burned low. He remained several minutes in suspense of what was to be done. Having stirred the fire, and ascertained the exact position of the enemies' arms, he whispered softly to his brother to imitate his example, and if possible to extricate himself from his keeper. The little boy did as his brother directed, and both stood irresolute around the fire. At length the eldest, who was of a very resolute disposition, proposed they should kill the sleeping Indians, and return home. The eldest pointed at one of the guns, and assured his brother if he would only pull the trigger of that gun after he had placed it at rest, he would answer for the other Indian. The plan was agreed upon. The rifle was levelled, with the muzzle resting on a log, which lay near; and having stationed his little brother at the breech, with positive orders not to touch the trigger until he gave the word. He then seized the tomahawk, and advanced cautiously to the sleeper. Such was the agitation of the younger brother, however, that he touched the trigger too soon, and the report of his gun awakened the other Indian before his brother was quite prepared.—He struck the blow, however, with firmness, at a high rate, the hurry of the act it was done with the blunt part of the hatchet, and only stunned his antagonist.—Quickly repeating the blow, however, he inflicted a deep wound upon the Indian's head, and after repeated strokes, left him lifeless upon the spot.

The other, frightened at the explosion of his own gun, had already taken to his scrapers, and with much difficulty was overtaken by his brother. Having regained the road by which they had advanced, the elder fixed his hat upon a bush, to mark the spot and by daylight they regained their homes. They found their mother in an agony of grief for their loss, and ignorant whether they had been drowned, or taken by the Indians.—Their tale was heard with astonishment, not unmingled with incredulity, and a few of the neighbors insisted upon accompanying them to the spot where so extraordinary a rencontre had occurred. The place was soon found, and the truth of the boys' story placed beyond a doubt.

The tomahawked Indian lay in his blood where he fell, but the one who had been shot, was not to be found. A broad trail of blood however, enabled them to track his footsteps, and he was at length overtaken. His under jaw had been entirely shot away, and his hands and breast were covered with clotted blood. Though very much exhausted, he still kept his pursuers at bay, and faced them, from time to time; with an air of determined resolution. Either his gory appearance, or the apprehension that more were in the neighborhood, had such an effect upon his pursuers, that, notwithstanding their numbers, yet he was permitted to escape. Whether he survived, or perished in the wilderness, could not be ascertained; but from the severity of the wound, the latter supposition is most probable.